

The Discovery

by Tears Of Pearls

Category: Animorphs

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-03-31 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-03-31 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 08:31:30

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,329

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Somebody is giving the Animorphs a warning, but will they listen?

The Discovery

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Part 1

Cassie:

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We were going back to the Yeerk pool. Again. I can't remember how many time's we've ventured down there. I don't want to remember. But Jake says this time will be different. This time we'll win. As much as I want to believe him, I can't. I have this awful feeling about this mission. Not just the usual fear that wells up was whenever we face certain death. It's more than that. It's something deeper. Something darker.

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Here we were. The Yeerk pool. I looked over to Rachel, but the look on her face was not the reassurance I needed. Since all this began it seems as if Rachel has found her true calling, as a warrior. A murderer. I closed my eyes. I shouldn't think like that. Rachel is my best friend. Besides, what we're doing, is for the good of the entire world. That makes it right. Doesn't it?

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Jake looked each of us in the eyes. As his eyes met mine, he grinned nervously. I smiled. He was exactly what the Animorphs needed. A

fearless leader who wasn't afraid to do what was necessary, but still cared for his followers. His friends. He finished his tour of the group. I knew then. The moment was now. Rachel obviously noticed too.

"Let's do it!" she yelled enthusiastically.

She started morphing. Grizzly. Power morph. Everyone else started morphing, but I hesitated. I still felt troubled by this mission. Something was wrong. I felt sick. I knew something bad was going to happen. But I couldn't back out. I couldn't let my friends down. As I stared morphing I looked out on the scene below us. From our vantage point in an alcove just above the Yeerk pool we could see everything. The Hork-Bajir standing guard all around the complex, the human hosts, the willing ones, lounging around enjoying themselves, and the unwilling hosts, caged and defeated, mourning for their lost lives, lost loves, lost freedom. Finally, the Taxxon, slithering over and around each other, searching for their next meal, their next victim. I shuddered. Beside me Rachel tensed. On an unseen signal everyone surged forward to meet the on coming force of Hork-Bajir death machines that would soon approach.

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Just as I took a step forward, towards certain death, I faltered. The world around me spun. I felt light-headed, but my legs weighed a ton. I staggered sideways and collapsed, my head coming down to rest on my paws. My wolf's paws. My eyes closed, the world went black.

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Part 2

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Slowly I opened my eyes. My head spun. I ached all over. Where was I? Slowly, as my mind cleared, I climbed to my feet. My two feet. I was human? Looking around, I realised I was alone. Completely alone. Now I was scared. I wasn't at the Yeerk pool, or anywhere near there. The moon shone down, illuminating the forest around me. A large oak was nearby, filling the air with it's incessant rustling. I suddenly realised where I was. Tobias's meadow! I hurried over to the base of his tree, hoping he'd be there. I gazed up, shielding my eyes from the full moon. Empty. He wasn't here. I looked down sullenly at my feet, and suddenly noticed there was something under the tree. I went for a closer look. Only as I approached did I realize they were three wooden crosses. I stopped in mid-stride. Crosses. Graves. I didn't want to know who they belonged to. Who would be buried under Tobias's tree. But something inside compelled me to go forward. I slowly stepped close and peered at the tombstone. The inscribing on the cross became clearer. It said just one word. Marco. I gasped. NO! Marco wasn't dead, was he? I shook my head. He can't be! I turned my gaze to the second cross. I had to know. But the name lay in shadow I crept closer till I saw the name carved in the wood. Rachel. I screamed. RACHEL! Not Rachel! Anyone but Rachel! I couldn't take it, I freaked. I turned and ran. As far and as fast as I could.

** **

I ran till I was exhausted. The night was silent and dark. Not a soul moved. I shuddered. Soul. Ghost. Dead. I grabbed hold of myself before I freaked out again. I kept walking along silently. The shadow's seemed to shift and swirl around me. Dead. Rachel, Marco were dead. I exhaled. Dead. It was then that I started crying.

** **

I was so absorbed in my misery that I didn't see it till I ran into it. A wall. A barn wall. My barn! That feeling came back, but I pushed it down again. This was my barn, my home, safe. I stepped out into the open, casting my gaze around. This isn't my farm. It can't be! The barn doors were wide open, one of them off it's hinges. The paint, which had once been a bright shade of blue, was now covered in moss and faded grey. In shock, I stepped inside. The barn was empty. The cages, which once held injured wildlife, were now rusty and neglected. In the corner there was a horse halter still tied to the wall of the stall. Still buckled around the horse's skull. I shivered. Tobias's rafter had fallen down, and now lay half-hazard in the middle of the floor. The entire place smelt of moldy hay and rotten wood. It made me want to puke. On the wall, behind my dad's desk, was an old yellowed calendar, still opened. It said August. 2002. I was in the future.

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It all came together then. The dilapidated barn, the graves. These were all things to come. I knew something then. I had to know the occupant of the third grave. I sprinted out of the barn. And stopped.

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Part 3

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In front of me stood my house. Well, what was left of it. All that remained was the foundations. It looked like the entire place had been burnt to the ground. Or bombed. The charred remains looked like bones in the moonlight. Looked like death. I kept running.

** **

It seemed to take ages to reach Tobias's tree. But I know I couldn't have been lost. I know this forest, I grew up in this forest. Eventually, I saw the tree in the distance, standing defiantly against the night sky. I rushed forward, and soon the leafy branches were sheltering my head from the deathly pale light of twilight. Here stood the third cross. I slowly advanced, feeling like I was approaching an altar in a church. There was the name. I took a deep breath, and read the engraving. Slowly, my eyes closed. I let go of my breath in shudders. I wanted to die. Right here, right now, under Tobias's tree. I forced myself to open my eyes again. And read it again. This time it was unmistakable. Jake.

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Before I could do anything else, the world spun around me in a

brilliant flash of light. And I woke up somewhere quite different. I shuddered. Beside me Rachel tensed. On an unseen signal everyone surged forward to meet the on coming force of Hork-Bajir death machines that soon would approach. Just as I took a step forward, towards certain death, I remembered. Remembered everything. The barn, the night. The crosses.

"Jake, Rachel, WAIT!" I screamed, but they were too absorbed with the warriors coming to meet them, coming to kill them. I had to do something! But it was too late. They had met their attackers, their murderers, head on.

"JAKE!"

****The End****

End
file.